

Vital Signs

Frank Turner

This country is my canvas
I leave paint trails as I go
I'm painting a picture
That you can only see from outer space
My bedroom is your sofa
I take my breakfast on the train
I'm tired and I'm dirty, and not a second goes to waste

I'll be dead but never dying, and I say that with a smile
It's just my way of trying to be alive

Well I'll never get to grey hair
And I'll never be in the black
But I can tell stories that most can hardly dream
Dreaming is a luxury
Like stopping-staring and beauty sleep
I'll stop when I'm finished
And sleep is for the weak

Heaven's in the half-light, and that's where I reside
A whiskey and a wry smile
I check my vital signs

And when I'm gone
The worlds revolve, and life goes on
So mark no grave
Forget my name
If the song remains
And everybody's got a drink and a smile
Well, that's just fine by me